

Sunshine by Croatoanvirus2014

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Summary:

"Sunshine. It was the way Barb felt when her hand accidentally touched Nancy's..."

There's really no set time where this fic could occur in the show, but I really just wanted to write about my two fave 80s teenage girls being gal pals (and by that I mean girlfriends).

Sunshine

Author's Note:

you want 80s lesbians? you got them.

Sunshine. It was the only way she could describe what Nancy's smile felt like. She had just made a lame joke, and Nancy was smiling back at her while she rolled her eyes. Warmth spread through her body, and she hoped that the feeling would never diminish. She knew that she shouldn't be feeling this way about her best- no, only- friend, but she wasn't one to separate herself from the person she loved, no matter what they did. And Nancy? Well, Barb loved her.

"Hey, do you want to come over and hang at my house later? I sort of found where my mom was storing some of her alcohol and wouldn't it be fun to drink some of it and make prank calls?"

"That sounds like a great time, I'm in!"

Sunshine. It was peaking through the curtains of Nancy's room while they sat on her floor, taking sips of stolen beer from plastic cups. Barb thought it tasted nasty, but if it kept Nancy smiling, she would power through the bad taste the alcohol left in her throat. Nancy tipped her head back, getting the last sips out of the cup, and slammed the cup down on the floor, feeling proud of herself for finishing off her second cup of beer that night. Barb was still sipping through her first cup, only halfway finished. She took another sip, sat her cup back down timidly, and twirled her auburn curls through her fingertips unconsciously.

"Soooo, should we start making prank calls or wait a bit longer?" Nancy asked, still fully coherent.

"It's up to you!"

"Oooh you know what we should do?"

"What?" Barb asked.

"We should paint our nails! I just got this really bright pink and I want to try it out," Nancy grinned. Barb was a bigger fan of pastel blues and purples, but grinned back at her and said that it would look amazing on her.

Sunshine. It was the way Barb felt when her hand accidentally touched Nancy's while she painted her fingernails for her. Nancy had claimed she was absolutely terrible at painting her own nails, and Barb felt like the warmth of the sun had coated her entire body. Barb had a laser-like focus on making sure she didn't screw up, and she couldn't tell if Nancy was currently staring at her or staring off into space. She foolishly let herself hope that it was the former. After Nancy's nails were painted with the most vibrant pink Barb had ever seen, Barb's stomach growled. *Oh right, I haven't eaten in hours.* She asked what they had to eat, and Nancy just shrugged.

"Whatever you can find."

"Alright, I'll be back in a sec," Barb replied. She opened up the fridge, and couldn't seem to find anything that looked very appealing. She reverted back to basics and decided that a peanut butter and jelly sandwich couldn't ever be bad. She smothered peanut butter on one side, and plopped jelly onto the other. She smashed the two pieces together and bit into it, smiling at the way it tasted, not even caring that the bread stuck to the top of her mouth.

Barb opened up the door to see Nancy crying. She sat down next to her and wrapped her into a hug, soothing her and telling her that everything was going to be okay.

"What happened?"

"Steve," Nancy told her, "He broke up with me today."

"His loss," Barb replied. She saw a glimpse of a grin on her face and knew everything was somehow, someday, going to be okay.

Sunshine. It was the way acceptance felt. It had been a month since the break up, and Nancy had realized a lot of things she wouldn't have otherwise figured out. After a lot of talking to Barb, and a lot of self-reflection, she discovered that in actuality, she never

really loved Steve. She loved the way he made her feel loved, and loved the idea of a relationship, but she didn't love him. Nancy had told her mom she loved girls after plenty of encouragement and support from Barb, her one constant throughout everything. Her mom had taken a few days to process everything, but still loved her, regardless of who she loved. Nancy had never felt more relieved in her life, and then the realization hit; she loved Barb. *Don't panic, don't panic.* Her fingers trembled and she felt nauseous. *Don't panic, she accepts me.* She took deep breaths. *She accepts me, and maybe she even loves me back.* She laughed aloud at that.

Sunshine. It was the tingling of her lips felt on her own. Nancy told Barb, in her own time. Of all the things she expected, to be loved back wasn't one. She saw Barb smile, a wide smile with teeth bared, and felt tears run down her cheeks. Barb wiped them away gently, and let one hand stay pressed against her cheek.

"In case it isn't obvious, I feel the same about you," Barb assured her while pulling her into a hug. With all the emotions Nancy felt, the most prominent one was safe. After crying into Barb's shoulder for a few minutes, she pulled back and let her forehead lean against Barb's. She looked into her eyes, only seeing acceptance and love. She let herself lean forward and press her lips to hers. Barb's lips tasted sugary sweet, and all Nancy could do was grin. She had found her home within her best friend, and now possible girlfriend.

Sunshine. It was the way Barb playfully punched her when Nancy asked if they were girlfriends now before responding with a "Yes, absolutely, if that's what you want."

Sunshine. It was the twinkle in Nancy's eyes when she responded with a "Definitely" and placed a tender kiss on her cheek.